

CHAS. MARTIN, Jr.,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
TROY, MISSOURI,
WILL practice in all the Courts of the Third
Judicial District. Special attention given
to the collection of debts. v6n29

B. W. WHEELER.
Attorney at Law and Notary Public,
NEW HOPE, MO.
WILL attend to any professional business in
the Courts of Lincoln, Warren, Pike and
Montgomery counties.
sep711n36y1

GEO. L. COLLIER,
PHOTOGRAPHER,
TROY, MISSOURI.
GALLERY SOUTH OF BALLINGER'S
DRUG STORE.
Photograph Albums and Picture Frames
For Sale at Lowest Prices.
Call and look at my pictures.
sep711n36y1

T. J. WEBB,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Troy, Missouri,
WILL promptly attend to legal business.
Special attention given to Collecting.
Office with J. B. Allen, in the old P. O.
building. v6n29y1

J. C. GOODRICH. W. W. BIRKHEAD
GOODRICH & BIRKHEAD,
DENTISTS,
TROY, MISSOURI.
DR. BIRKHEAD will be in the office all the
time. Dr. GOODRICH will only be here
from time to time, due notice of which will be
given. Gas for the PAINLESS extraction of
teeth administered at all times by Dr. Birkhead.
August 31, 1871. v6n29y1

M. N. McLELLAN, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Troy, Missouri.
Office at M. S. Ballinger's Drug Store.

R. C. MAGRUDER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
CAP-AU-GRIS, MISSOURI.
Will practice in the Courts of the Third Judicial
District, v6n29

A. V. McKEE. WM. FRAZIER.
McKEE & FRAZIER,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
TROY, MISSOURI
Will practice in all the counties of the Third
Judicial Circuit, and in the Supreme Court of the
State. me41y

WALTON & CREECH,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW AND REAL
ESTATE AGENTS,
TROY, MISSOURI.

Will practice in all the Courts of the Third
Judicial Circuit, and the Supreme Court of the
State. All business entrusted to their care will be
promptly attended to.
Office over Dr. S. T. East's Drug store. Office
hours from 9 a. m. to 4 p. m.
v6n29

F. T. WILLIAMS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND
NOTARY PUBLIC,
WARRENTON, MO.
January 1, 1869-1871

A. H. BUCKNER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
ST. CHARLES, MO.
Will attend to any professional business in the
Courts of Lincoln, Warren, Montgomery and
St. Charles, and in the District and
Supreme Courts. v6n29y1

HENRY QUIGLEY. EUGENE BONFILS.
QUIGLEY & BONFILS,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
Conveyancers & Real Estate Agents,
TROY, MO.

WILL practice in the various Courts of the
Third Judicial District (Pike, Warren,
Montgomery and Lincoln). Having been en-
gaged for two years past in making an abstract
of title of all real estate in Lincoln county, they
have peculiar facilities for furnishing at short
notice a complete abstract of title of all the
lands in said county.
July 28, 1870.

TROY BAKERY
And Confectionery.

HERMAN GUNTER,

Keeps a full supply of

FRESH BREAD,

CAKES, PASTRIES, &c.

**ALSO FANCY AND COM-
MON CANDIES,**

And everything in the line of Confectionery

All kinds of Cakes and Pastries made
order. All orders should be given
least two days in advance.
November 9, 1871. v6n29y1

**Valuable Town Property
Sale—Dwelling House
Lot and 9 Vacant Lots**

THE undersigned will sell on easy
terms a half story frame dwelling
near the business part of the town
lots south of Calk & Rogers' Tavern
sold separately or together.
I will also sell a good work horse
and a spring wagon.
nov911

MARTIN SEIDLAC
Eclipse Churn and Hand Corn
W. H. CURTIN, Patentee, Carlyle, Ill.
Send Circulars.

THE BABE.
Nae shoon to hide her tiny toes;
Nae stockings on her feet,
Her supple ankles white as snow
Of early blossoms sweet.
Her simple dress of sprinkled pink,
Her double, dimpled chin;
Her puckered lip and sunny mou',
With nae one tooth between
Her een sae like her mither's een,
Twa gentle, liquid things;
Her face is like an angel's face—
We're glad she has nae wings!

UNMASKED—A NEW YEAR'S STORY.

BY S. ANNIE FROST.

In a poor room, in the upper part of
a small house, a young girl sat at sewing.
The room was very tiny, the furniture of
the plainest kind; but the extreme of
poverty was not there. Everything was
in neat order, and there was an air of
comfort in all the surroundings. A stove
burned in the stove that evidently
served for cooking as well as to warm the
room, and the only occupant sat in a
deep, well-cushioned arm-chair, wearing
a nicely wadded wrapper, and wrapped in
a soft woolen shawl. But what spoke
most eloquently of want was the young
girl and her occupation. She had evi-
dently just left a sick bed; her hollow
cheeks, closely cropped hair, sunken eyes,
and emaciated form told the plain story of
long and severe illness, yet in her thin,
trembling hands she held a piece of sew-
ing, the trimming for a rich black silk
dress that was spread out upon the bed.
She was obliged to stop often and let her
head rest against the chair, but she per-
severed, and round her lips hovered a
smile, as if some pleasant thought was
associated with her work.

It was in one of the pauses of her work,
when her eyes were closed, that the door
opened and another young girl about her
own age came into the room. About the
same age, and wonderfully like the in-
valid. The same short brown curls, the
same large hazel eyes, soft, fair complexion,
and delicate features marked both
faces, but the new comer had rounded
cheeks and the bloom of full health that
was wanting in the other face.

"Sewing, Hattie?" she cried, taking
the work from the thin fingers. "And
upon a dress trimming! You ought
to have a good scolding."
"But you will not give me one."
"Don't be too sure of that. You are
not well enough to work, Hattie. Who
is that for?"

"Mrs. Hartley. She wants it for a
New Year's reception, and I had it before
I was sick. I work for her husband's
store, and she has given me two or three
dresses to make."

"I will finish it for you this afternoon.
Now we must have dinner," and she drew
from under her cloak a basket which she
opened. "Here is a roast chicken to be
heated; some oysters, which I will stew;
cranberry sauce, celery, rolls, also to be
warmed, and mustard pie. If you are
very good, and eat plenty of dinner, you
shall also have a glass of wine and some
white grapes that are still in the basket.
Then I have some news to tell you."

While she was speaking, Nettie Hast-
ings had thrown aside her hat and cloak,
tied a white apron over her black dress,
and then unpacked the basket, and was
now busily preparing the dinner, and
taking the dishes from the closet to set
the little round table. The invalid
seemed accustomed to her ministrations,
for she only looked on with happy
smiles.

"It won't be long before I can get
dinner," said she, as Nettie inquired the
precise locality of the tea caddy. "What
should I have done but for you, Nettie?
Died in a pauper hospital."

"You should have sent for me before
you were sick, Hattie. But it will not
be long before you are in my home."
"No, no! You are too kind. I must
again live, Nettie, as I have since father
died."

"Sewing, freezing, and starving?
There! I can do no more till the oys-
ters are done and the chicken is hot, so I
will tell you my news." She sat down
beside the invalid's chair and continued:

"You know, Hattie, that whatever was
the quarrel between your father and my
grandfather, there was some bitter enmity
that was never reconciled. Your father
left the city, while I an orphan at three
years of age, was adopted by our grand-
father. When he died, nearly two years
ago, and left me all his wealth and his
splendid home. I did not even know he
had another grandchild. My mother's
sister who came to live with me when
grandfather died, told me first of a son
who had left his home in anger and
returned, but knew nothing further."

"You mean more than I—"
Hattie," she said. "I need you want me to go to the
great out—"
The door opened, and a man
came in, and said to the invalid:

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great out—"
The door opened, and a man
came in, and said to the invalid:

"Nettie"

"I was informed that no such docu-
ment could be signed or become legal
until I was of age, so I could only make
you comfortable out of my income, a lib-
eral one, and wait until to day. I am
twenty one to-day, and I have just put
my name to the deed that makes you the
joint heiress of our grandfather. All I
ask of you is to come and share my home,
live with me, and be my sister, until some
one with a dearer claim carries you away.
To-morrow is New Year's Day. I shall
carry you home this afternoon, and you
shall sit in state at my reception, and be
introduced to all my friends. Hattie!
Hattie! you must not cry so. It will
make you ill again."

But it was not in the power of the in-
valid to check suddenly the tears called
forth by the emotion awakened by her
cousin's generous gift. Rich, independent,
loved! A life of lonely toil thus sud-
denly removed, and so delicately and affec-
tionately! she could only sob and caress
her cousin, till Nettie discovered her eyes
were wet, and she dried them, and
wrote smiles again by her cooking cares
and jokes. Dinner over, Nettie said:

"I have only told you half my news."

"Have you another fortune to give
away?"

"I am thinking," and the prettiest
blushes came upon the young girl's
cheeks, "to give all mine away and myself
with it. Now, that you are my sister, I
must have no secrets from you, so I will
tell you all about it. Last evening I re-
ceived a little note from a gentleman who
has visited me frequently, and with the
note a ring. The note told me somebody
loved me, and asked me to be somebody's
wife. If I consented, I was to wear the
ring at my New Year's reception; and
Hattie, it is on my finger now," and she
held up her hand, and displayed a superb
solitaire diamond upon an azure en-
amelled setting.

"Then you love him?"

"I hardly know. He is older than I
am, but I find him always a congenial
companion. I am sure of one thing,
though, Hattie, that I honor and respect
him above all other men."

"Love will come then."

"I believe that, or I would never marry
him. He is so good, Hattie, no noble
and generous. There is no great charity
in the city that has not his name upon
the list of subscribers, and he talks so
beautifully about the poor, that it would
bring tears to your eyes to hear him. I
am sure he does good secretly as well
as openly."

"I will wait, Nettie."

"I believe," said Nettie, gravely, "that
large wealth is given to some only that
others may be benefited also by its use.
To hoard money is a crime in my eyes,
and I do try, Hattie, to be a faithful
steward."

"You do not need to tell me that,"
said Hattie, gratefully. "If your hus-
band shares your feelings, you will win
a prayer from many lips that will not
burden your heart when you die."

"He does share my feelings, Hattie."

"But you have not told me his name."

"Cecil Graham."

"Mr. Hartley's nephew!" said Hattie.

"Is he? The man you worked for?"

"Yes."

"You know him then?"

"He superintended the department
where I went for work. Ready made
clothing of all kinds form a prominent
feature in his uncle's large dry goods
store, and I made shirts and other cloth-
ing. Mr. Hartley knew my father in his
better days, and gave me work."

"And Mr. Graham?"

"Gave out this sewing, examined it
when returned, and paid for it."

"Did you like him?"

"Nettie, do not ask me. You have
to-day made me your grateful sister for
life; will you grant me one more favor?"

"You know I will."

"At three o'clock to-day the week's
work will be taken in and given out at
Hartley's. Will you go for my work?"

"You will not need it now."

"Put on my shawl and bonnet. We
are both in mourning, so you will not
mind the poorer garments for once. I
will give you the ticket that entitles me
to work, and you will look enough like
me to escape observation. Nettie, do
not refuse me! Do not ask me to ex-
plain now my motive. Go this once for
me."

With a very grave face, Nettie Hast-
ings put on her cousin's coarse shawl and
poor bonnet, took the ticket from a table
drawer, and drew on her hands a pair of
coarse cotton gloves.

"You mean more than I—"
Hattie," she said. "I need you want me to go to the
great out—"
The door opened, and a man
came in, and said to the invalid:

"You mean more than I—"
Hattie," she said. "I need you want me to go to the
great out—"
The door opened, and a man
came in, and said to the invalid:

dollars in her petted life. Her first re-
buff was in being informed, not too po-
sitely, that the girls who came to work
were not allowed to pass through the
store, but must mount to the fourth floor
through a small side door. There was an
elevator for the employees of certain
grades, but the tired women who came to
earn the pittance paid for sewing were
not allowed to use it. Up the weary
stairs, flight after flight, Nettie followed
two poorly clad women, others coming
after her, for the city clock was striking
three and unpunctuality might cost them
their week's work. The room was al-
ready half-full of women when Nettie
entered it, and Cecil Graham, standing
behind a large table, with two women
as assistants, was opening bundle after
bundle and checking the amount due for
each in a large book. As he did so, the
women stepped aside to wait till all the
work was examined, when each would be
paid, to wait till all received their money,
and work for the next week was given
out in the same routine. What mattered
it that a whole afternoon of precious time
was consumed? It was the system of the
establishment.

Nettie watched the proceeding from
under her thick veil with keen interest,
not taking her place on the line, but sit-
ting down, as she had no work to be ex-
amined, and must therefore wait till fresh
work was given out. It was hard for her
to believe that the stern, harsh man be-
fore her was the courteous gentleman
whose ring was hidden under her coarse
gloves. He seemed to have magnifying
glasses in his eyes, so sharply did he crit-
icize every stitch. Several women had
passed through this rough ordeal of crit-
icism, when one came up that at once
interested Nettie's kind heart. She was
so poorly clad, so pallid and worn, that
she seemed scarcely able to stand.

"This won't do at all," said the gentle
man, harshly. "I should think you
would be ashamed to offer such work
here."

"I had to sew without a fire," said the
woman, in a weak voice, "and my baby is
sick."

"I've got nothing to do with your
baby and your fire. I can't pay for such
work as this."

"I don't think anybody but you would
notice any fault," was the reply; and
Nettie, looking at the garment, agreed
with her. She was not very near it, to
be sure, but to her it seemed neatly made.

"No use to us at all."

"O Mr. Graham, give me half price!
I have not a cent in the world!"

"I shall not pay for work that don't
suit me. Move up; you are hindering
others."

With a moan as if wrung from her by
physical pain, the woman turned towards
the door. As she passed Nettie, she
felt the pressure of a soft hand and looked
down.

"Take this," said a whispering voice,
"and tell me where you live. To-morrow
you shall have fuel and food. This will
help you to-day."

The woman looked wonderingly at the
five dollar bill in her hand.

"But you are poor yourself," she said.

"I can spare that. Where do you
live?"

She gave a number and street, and
with a faltering "God bless you!" left
the room.

Others followed in the long line to the
table, and Nettie watched again. Some
asked for trifling advances to avert freez-
ing, starvation, or the terrors of unpaid
landlords. Some pleaded illness for
slight imperfections or delay, but these
were exceptions, and every favor or in-
dulgence was sternly refused. The ma-
jority came up with mechanical precision,
and went to the other end of the long
room to wait until their names were
called for payment. Quite a pile of gar-
ments were thrown aside as too badly
made to receive payment, and Nettie in-
nocently wondered if they were really
useless, looking, to her eyes, so neat and
well made. More than one woman felt a
dollar or more slipped into her hands,
and looked in vain in the crowd around
her for the voice that gave a low "Take
this, I can spare it," with the gift, in de-
fiance of the printed rule against the wall
that forbade any talking in the room.

The winter afternoon was drawing to a
close when a girl in mourning went
slowly down the stairs leading to the
street, carrying a heartache for every
pale face she had seen, every pitiful
voice she had heard. Eagerly she was
crushing on the second Monday, not make
her CHAS. W. PARKER, Esq., a misery
point of a blue
his seductive

One of our citizens went to the cars to
see his daughter off. Securing her a
seat, he passed out of the car, and went
round to her window to say a parting
word, as is frequently done on such oc-
casions. While he was passing out the
daughter left the seat to speak to a
friend, and at the same time a prim-
looking lady, who occupied the seat with
her, moved up to the window. Unaware
of the important change inside, our ven-
erable friend hastily put his face up to
the window and exclaimed: "One more
kiss, sweet pet."

It did not take very long to finish all
the preparations for the ride. The
trunks were placed upon the carriage, the
invalid carefully wrapped up and carried
in the coachman's strong arms down
stairs, tenderly propped up with pillows,
and resting on Nettie's shoulder, driven
to her new home.

It was a brilliant reception given New
Year's Day by the Misses Nettie and
Hattie Hastings, and Mrs. Armstrong,
Miss Nettie's aunt. The invalid, daintily
dressed in the garments her cousin had
thoughtfully prepared, enjoyed the scene,
and gracefully filled her new position.

Miss Nettie, appearing in white and
violet for the first time since her grand-
father's death, was pronounced lovely by
all who saw her. But there was one
constant visitor missing from the nume-
rous callers. In his own room that morn-
ing Cecil Graham had received a small
note in whose perfumed folds was en-
veloped a solitaire diamond ring. The
note was brief:

MR. GRAHAM: I had the pleasure of
reading a few lines in the room where
you give out sewing, yesterday afternoon.
I think you will understand why I then
decided to return your gift. Thanking
you for the honor you proposed, I must
decline it.

With a muttered exclamation he would
scarcely have wished heard in polite cir-
cles, the baffled fortune hunter tossed the
note into the fire, and carefully dressed
for New Year's calls in houses where the
wealthy Mr. Hartley's nephew might
still hope for a smiling welcome.—Go-
dley's Lady's Book.

An enterprising dentist in a neigh-
boring city advertises: "Get your sweet
heart a new set of teeth as a Christmas
present."

"How is your wife to-day?" said a
friend to a French gentleman. "Oh,
moche de seem," said he; "she is no
better, and I afraid ver laetle wass. If
she is gon to die, I wish she would do it
soon. I feel so unhappy—my mind is
moche unsettled. When she die I shall
not be so moche dissatisfied."

A small bull-pup and a Newfoundland
dog were engaged in a long fight near
the Lakewood (N. J.) depot, on the Erie
railway, one day last week. The battle
would undoubtedly have ended in a draw
had not the little dog pulled his antago-
nist on the track and held him there
until the train came along. The little
dog crouched down, and the train went
over him without hurting him, while the
big dog was ground to sausage meat.
Affidavits can be procured to prove the
assertion from the Erie railway agent of
that station.

Did you hear of that chap who at-
tended the sale of a hotel recently at a
town in Ohio? He hadn't a cent in his
pocket, but he stood up and bid boldly.
"Twenty eight thousand dollars." It
was knocked down to him; and when the
question was asked: "Who is the pur-
chaser?" this audacious scamp replied:
"The Pennsylvania railroad." Of course
he was not in person required to put up
the money from an imperial buyer like
that, whereby he was able in the course
of a couple of days, to sell the whole to
another party for \$35,000, and clear the
difference. The country is now full of
scamps buying hotels for the Pennsyl-
vania railroad.

It did not take very long to finish all
the preparations for the ride. The
trunks were placed upon the carriage, the
invalid carefully wrapped up and carried
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of a couple of days, to sell the whole to
another party for \$35,000, and clear the
difference. The country is now full of
scamps buying hotels for the Pennsyl-
vania railroad.

It is reported that Brigham Young is
having a hard time among his wives in
the southern part of the territory. The
trouble is he hadn't seen any of them for
a year, and they all of course had much
to say to their loved husbands. It is
stated that five of them came upon him
one day, and after chasing him twice
around a forty-acre lot finally cornered
him in a corn crib. Here the unhappy
man was kept a prisoner until he had
listened to all their wants, and divided
every cent in his pocket among them;
when he was allowed to bathe himself
in a neighboring haystack, where he
passed the night in peace.

One of our citizens went to the cars to
see his daughter off. Securing her a
seat, he passed out of the car, and went
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heart a new set of teeth as a Christmas
present."

"How is your wife to-day?" said a
friend to a French gentleman. "Oh,
moche de seem," said he; "she is no
better, and I afraid ver laetle wass. If
she is gon to die, I wish she would do it
soon. I feel so unhappy—my mind is
moche unsettled. When she die I shall
not be so moche dissatisfied."

A small bull-pup and a Newfoundland
dog were engaged in a long fight near
the Lakewood (N. J.) depot, on the Erie
railway, one day last week. The battle
would undoubtedly have ended in a draw
had not the little dog pulled his antago-
nist on the track and held him there
until the train came along. The little
dog crouched down, and the train went
over him without hurting him, while the
big dog was ground to sausage meat.
Affidavits can be procured to prove the
assertion from the Erie railway agent of
that station.

Did you hear of that chap who at-
tended the sale of a hotel recently at a
town in Ohio? He hadn't a cent